Incident on the Manila Waterfront

— John C. Cort

THE

# Commonweal

## EXPERIMENT IN SIMPLICITY

by Bede Griffiths

## MARXISM'S CHANGING FACE

by Will Herberg

Volume LXI, No. 18 February 4, 1955 Twenty Cents

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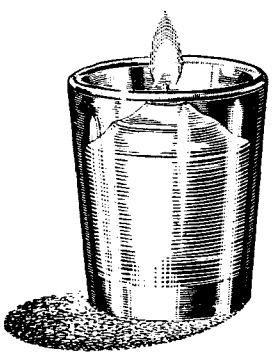

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# The Commonweal

## week by week

### THE BREAK THAT FAILED

FOUR men in Boston recently accomplished something. They managed to focus the nation's attention upon life in prison. And in doing so, they achieved something at which editors, social workers and prison officials usually fail.

The four men were, of course, the long-term criminals who barely failed in an escape attempt, then held five guards as hostages in an effort to buy their way to freedom. In the face of this threat, the responsible prison officials acted in the only way they could, standing firm and refusing to bargain. Any other course would have made every other prison in the country impossible to govern.

One cannot, therefore, criticize the way the break-out, talk-out threat was met. Nor can one hold up the four prisoners involved as likely subjects for easy reformation. These were not first-time losers, not juveniles who had fallen in with bad company. Rather they were older and presumably confirmed criminals — a murderer, a rapist, two robbers. One had once carried the title of Boston's Public Enemy Number One; another was a notorious—and skillful—bank robber.

Thus one cannot criticize prison officials for their handling of the situation, once it developed, and one has to admit the four convicts do not match any sentimental picture of the criminal with heart of gold beneath a rough exterior. Yet for all that, something remains to be said.

Life in prison is never going to be pleasant. It is not supposed to be. Yet prison life should not be such as to frustrate almost automatically what prisons should accomplish. What is involved here is no utopian daydreaming, no rosy sentimentalizing, but a matter of hard fact. Are prisons supposed to be instruments of reform, as well as places of captivity and punishment? Sooner or later, most of the men now in prison will walk the streets of our cities again. What kind of men do we want them to be?

It is not easy to reform men, and no prison can guarantee success. But it can be taken as axiomatic that primitive conditions and primitive treatment will turn loose upon the public thousands of twisted, embittered men. Why should efforts to avoid this result be dismissed as sentimental do-gooding?

Prison administrators find it hard to get the money necessary for even the minimum physical plant that is required. The Massachusetts State Prison where the four convicts held sway provides a good example. It may not be the best prison in the country, but it is not likely to be called the worst. The prison itself is one hundred and fifty years old. The particular building in which the convicts barricaded themselves is the newest of all; it was built sixty years ago. (In 1952 this same prison was the scene of a serious riot; a new maximum-security prison is now almost ready, and the process of moving convicts to it will begin sometime this spring.) How many state prisons are similarly antiquated? And in how many states will legislators and tax-payers wait for a bloody riot or mass-escape before seriously considering the needs of the prison system?

MASSACHUSETTS has already made a start at improving its prison system; a study completed last year at least showed what needed to be done. Many states have not even begun the job.

Getting prisons out of politics is one important step. Key jobs demand trained men, not appointees being rewarded for party regularity. Salaries for prison personnel need to be raised sharply; in many areas the salary scale remains so low that it is almost impossible to attract qualified workers of the desirable quality. More money also has to be spent for outside specialists, psychologists, psychiatrists, and the like. A good classification system should be used in every prison, and the small hard-core of confirmed criminal and psychopaths must be segregated. Increased attention and treatment for juveniles and first-offenders is essential.

These are typical of the steps that need to be taken if our prison system is to be reformed. There



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are many trained men in the field who know what to do and how to do it. What the experts need is public support, public pressure, public willingness to spend tax money before the problem becomes even worse. And as the Boston committee which met with the convicts emphasized, what the convicts themselves need is hope. Men in prison need the hope that there is some end to the long road, that good behavior may bring a few years of liberty at life's end. This hope primitive conditions and impossibly long prison sentences crush entirely. To kill all hope in men condemned to live behind bars is inhumane. It is also, as we have been learning, dangerous.

## CHANGES IN INDIA

INEVITABLY we have come to identify all "Five-Year-Plans" with Right or Left dictatorships. Hence it is of interest to compare India's accomplishments and plans with their totalitarian counterparts. The Nehru government's starting point is not national defense (or preparation for aggression) but the primary needs of an impoverished people. The emphasis in this first phase is on producing adequate food—through better facilities and improved methods of cultivation, coupled with land reform. Favorable growing conditions the past two years have produced sizable gains to show for these efforts.

Under this policy industrialization is destined for a secondary place for a number of years. In a recent interview Mr. Nehru declared that India sought the benefits of Western industrialization without its attendant evils. And he appears to believe that socialization and the welfare state can actually accomplish this. Meanwhile these various changes encounter stiff resistance from the caste system and certain other long-held traditions. Perhaps the character of the new India will depend more than anything on the new beliefs that may eventually supersede ancient religious traditions.

## TRADING WITH COMMUNISTS

THE apparent disagreement on trade with China, Russia and the satellites between Secretary Wilson and President Eisenhower has focused national attention on an extremely complex question. What would be the effect of increasing materially our exports to these lands?

In earlier days when the iron grip of these regimes on their people was more rudimentary or less well known, it was a common view that if only the peoples involved could be deprived of the necessities of life long enough, they would rise up and overthrow their cruel masters. Proponents of this tough theory found sustenance for this hope during the war when Russian occupying troops were astounded to find the living conditions among even their poorest neighbors much better than their homeland's. The precautions the USSR still takes to keep its peoples from knowing how the rest of the world lives supplies some support for this view.

However, few observers still have confidence that dissatisfaction over shortages can effectively lead to an overthrow of any Soviet regime. The bonds are too securely fastened. Moreover, living standards are gradually rising, because of more facilities for producing consumer goods in the Soviet world and of imports from Europe and elsewhere.

At the other extreme is the view that more trade will develop pro-American feelings on the part of Communist peoples. There may be something in this, but it would be an error to press that assumption too far, since Communist authorities now appear able to manipulate popular sentiments almost at will.

If it will hardly do to place much weight on influencing national sentiments behind the two curtains by easing restrictions on exports of non-military items, the effect of trade upon Communist war-making potential is another matter. To what extent would increased shipments of our consumer goods enable the Soviet regime to concentrate on

## NEXT WEEK

MICHAEL P. FOGARTY writes about the hue and cry which resulted from a speaker's attack on Christian beliefs over the BBC.

"What, positively, is needed to re-evangelize Britain, at a time when the country is receptive to Christian ideas and practice, but ignorant of, or hostile to, Christian dogma and the Christian Church? It will be no use to stifle debate, even ignorant or misguided debate. That will merely leave people in the fading twilight of religiosity in which they are stranded already. We have got to get them arguing, not only among intellectuals but among ordinary people. The great days of the Nonconformist chapels and of the splits among Presbyterians in Scotland must come back; the days when, as still happens in parts of Wales, it seemed as natural to drop into an argument over theology as over the Test Match. The first step towards this is to get people to think out their own present position."



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producing war implements even more than they do now? That is the question and one that must be determined for each exchange of commodities that is proposed.

Perhaps an answer is discernible when it comes to exchanging Russian manganese for American surplus butter. But in few instances is the situation so simple. The fact that the Department of Agriculture is running into so many obstacles in its efforts to dispose of farm surpluses in various parts of the free world heightens the temptation to seek out the Communist world for markets.

There is much to be said for a general increase in trade in non-strategic materials. Embargoes on military items have recently become more effective; the list itself has been simplified and control over trans-shipment (from a third nation) has been greatly tightened by the United States and our allies. The effect on Communist peoples would be problematical, but increased trade relations (and consequently less of an atmosphere of tension) between the two worlds would be welcomed by the non-Communist peoples. It will strengthen their solidarity with the United States. Yet on each proposed exchange the probable effect on Chinese and Soviet war potentials would have to be thoroughly scrutinized before Washington authorities reach a decision.

## POLITICAL TELEVISION

THE Administration's decision to televise the President's press conferences, like its earlier decision to televise a cabinet meeting, marks a revolution in American politics—a radical departure from tradition, the sudden change of an established institution into something quite new. We think this revolution should be carefully examined before it is accepted as a desirable, permanent feature of our political life.

Two major points are made to justify this new use of television. For one thing, it is said, the move was inevitable. Mr. Roscoe Drummond argues this point in the New York *Herald Tribune:* "It seems," he writes, ". . . as illogical to deny television the right to use its distinctive medium—the screen—to picture the news as it would have been for the Town Crier to argue that newspapers shouldn't have been allowed to write the news on the front page." For another thing, it is said, televised press conferences bring the President and national affairs close to millions of people and this is "democratic." Therefore, the introduction of television coverage is a step toward the extension of intelligent democracy.

We doubt this conclusion. It seems to us to violate the order of political life, just as the premises on which it rests undermine the integrity of information and of democracy itself. Television coverage, as the Administration would use it, is not the same thing as press coverage. The fact that the televised accounts are government-censored and the press accounts are not makes the two mediums radically different, radically unequal vehicles of communication. And in terms of responsible government, the popularization of some government operations may result in their perversion rather than in their improvement.

A televised "cabinet meeting," for example, is not, nor can it be, a real cabinet meeting at all; it is, rather, a political show, and those politicians who would betray the people into thinking that in watching such a show they are watching responsible government in action are no friends of the people. They are, rather, demagogues. Similarly, a televised press conference edited by the Administration to show only those things it wants the people to see is no longer a press conference in any real sense of the term. It is, again, a political show.

Television is indeed dynamite in a much more dangerous sense than newsprint ever was. George Orwell showed to what terrible political uses it could be put in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. Big Brother is an enthusiastic user of television-techniques to achieve his political ends. Television makes him very familiar to all the people. He is very "democratic."

We are not, of course, suggesting that Mr. Eisenhower has any aspirations toward becoming Big Brother. Nothing could be further from the President's amiable, decent instincts. But Mr. Eisenhower has on too many occasions shown his propensity for being "used" by those admen around him who would market him like a Hollywood star. They would no doubt recoil from any idea of the President as Big Brother, but they might welcome his emerging before the American people in the image of Great Wise Father. And this is the image that may come through in televisions shows of the President answering reporters' questions every week—shows in which the President speaks only with wisdom, assurance and conviction because all evidence of ignorance, hesitation or doubt has been carefully removed by Mr. Eisenhower's solicitous advisers.

Some people, of course, will continue to read complete transcripts of the press conferences in the New York *Times*. Others will read more or less objective accounts of them in newspapers throughout the nation. But why read when you can



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sit back and *see,* when you can "be there?" And so, we fear, many millions of Americans will merely turn on their television sets and think that in viewing the censored press conferences they're participating in the real thing. The fact that they are being sold a bill of goods may never occur to them.

The fact of the matter is that the only valid use of television coverage in a Presidential press conference would be an uncensored use of it, just as the only valid use of television coverage at a cabinet meeting would be when the Cabinet members did not know they were being televised. And since neither of these uses is possible, it does not seem that the medium should be used at all.

## FORMOSA AND THE PESCADORES

THE CHINESE situation is a morass of trouble. There is the military problem. What islands need to be held to cover the approaches to Formosa and (beyond Formosa) the Japan-Okinawa-Philippines crescent that is the Western naval defense line in the Pacific? There are legal problems. Can the United States still act on the basis that the Nationalist government is the rightful government of all China, engaged in suppressing a rebellion? Is American assistance to Formosa, then, intervention in a civil war—as the Communists claim? Who has title in international law to Formosa and the off-shore islands? And there is, finally, the problem of grand strategy. Does China merely want to extinguish the Nationalist government, or is it set on expelling the United States from all of Asia and gaining for itself the domination of the Western Pacific?

Communist China has given every indication of having as its ultimate goal hegemony over Asia. It demands the complete expulsion of the United States. The fact that Mao Tse-tung may have genuine, if groundless, fears about American aggression against the mainland does not carry with it the necessary conclusion that were his fears removed, Sino-American friendship would flower. It is conceivable, but, in our opinion, unlikely, that Communist China would accept an internationally-guaranteed cease-fire in the Formosa Straits. It is, in our opinion, inconceivable that China will stop covert and overt efforts to expand—until it is met with political, and, if necessary, military, counterforce at each point of expansion.

A cease-fire in the Formosa Straits would put the lid on the shooting (a lid which *was* on until Mr. Eisenhower took it off with a Pandora-like flourish in his 1952 inaugural address). It would not put an end to Communist attempts to undermine the Formosa government or infiltrate the Nationalist-held islands, nor would it stop Nationalist efforts to undermine the Peiping government. It would not end Communist subversion of Viet Nam, the continued infiltration of Cambodia and Thailand, or the introduction of Chinese Communist agents into Malaya and Indonesia.

The legal status of Formosa has been examined by Walter Lippmann in one of his columns. Formosa and the Pescadores have, during the twentieth century, belonged to Japan. The United States took them from Japan in the war. In the Japanese peace treaty, Tokyo renounced all claim to them. They were promised to the Republic of China (the Nationalists) at the Cairo conference, but their status was never regularized by treaty. The United States, then, has in international law responsibility for the disposition of Formosa and the Pescadores. Chiang Kai-shek occupies them on our sufferance. An attack on them by the Communists cannot legally be interpreted as a continuation of the civil war. Thus the American defense of those particular islands, according to the Lippmann thesis, can be upheld before world opinion without regard for emotional arguments over the qualities or claims of the Nationalists. (And acceptance of this legal argument would also impose on the United States a certain responsibility for the welfare of the native islanders.) There is in this legal argument and in the as-yet nebulous proposals for a UN cease-fire grounds for a possible political block of the Communists. And if the Communists are to be stopped, it is to our obvious advantage that the stoppage be done as much as possible by international political action.

Finally we come to the military problem. Yikiang has fallen. The Tachens are threatened. The Seventh Fleet stands by, and one may assume that Chinese submarines also stand by. The President has asked Congress to confirm his authority to fight to protect Formosa and the Pescadores—and to block threats to them.

Now a bluff to forestall an initial attack can be justified. But when Chinese troops attacked Yikiang, the bluff was called, and consequently we now are pulling out of the Tachens. A bluff after attacks on the island-complex have begun is quite a different matter, and such is the bluff implied in the President's remarks about Chinese moves 'threatening' Formosa. The United States should state the specific islands it intends to defend; that will mean the abandoning of other islands and that is too bad. The point is that if we must go to war with Communist China, it had better be a deliberate act, not a blunder resulting from China's calling one too many American bluffs.



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# Experiment in Simplicity

**"OUR PURPOSE WAS TO ESCAPE FROM INDUSTRIALISM ALTOGETHER, FROM THE WHOLE SYSTEM OF MECHANIZATION"**

*(Bede Griffiths, O.S.B., is a monk of Prinknash Abbey in England. While he was a student at Oxford during the late twenties, he and two of his friends, Hugh Waterman and Martyn Skinner, grew increasingly discontented with the life about them—a life they saw as divorced from dignity and meaning by an industrialized, purposeless civilization. Towards the end of their time at Oxford, therefore, they came to a decision that, the author says, "was to change the whole course of our lives. Oxford had left us with no definite religion or philosophy of life and with a profound sense of discontent with the world in which we were compelled to live. . . . We felt that we must do something to recover our balance and to enable us to come to grips with the problem of life." They decided to make an experiment in living together in the utmost simplicity. This experiment is recounted in the following excerpt from Bede Griffiths' autobiography, "The Golden String," to be published on February 10th by Kenedy.)*

## BEDE GRIFFITHS

IT was in April 1930 that we set out upon our adventure. It was a time of crisis when to others beside ourselves our civilization seemed to be in danger of collapse. The movement of parties to the extreme Left and the extreme Right was beginning, and many of our contemporaries at Oxford were turning to Communism. But for us politics offered no solution to the problem. The political parties, whether of the Left or the Right, were concerned only with the organization of civilized life; but we were concerned with the very nature of our civilization.

Communism, as we saw it evolving in Russia, was working more and more for the mechanization of life and therefore for that inhumanity which we believed must necessarily follow, though we were not then aware of the extent of the inhumanity to which it would lead. Our purpose was to escape from industrialism altogether, from the whole system of mechanization which we felt to be the cause of the trouble. There was no doubt an element of escapism in our attitude, and there was certainly a radical inconsistency. For we were going to live on money which was derived from the system which we repudiated and we were dependent on it in a hundred ways which we could not escape. But though we were not unaware of the inconsistency in our position, we were determined to do what was in our power at least to escape from the evil influence.

Whatever may be said for it in theory, in practice it was an experience which taught us a lesson in life which nothing else could have done. It not only forced us to face the fundamental problems of human life, of food and clothing and shelter, in their most elementary nature, but it also brought us into contact with a mode of life very close to that in which man has been compelled to live for the greater part of his history, and made a corresponding change in our own outlook. We passed at a single bound from the complexities of twentieth-century civilization to a life which was primeval in its simplicity.

WE began by buying a cottage in the small village of Eastington, about two miles from Northleach. It was a four-roomed cottage built of solid Cotswold stone with Cotswold tiling but without water, drainage or lighting of any sort. It was attached to another cottage of the same style, and we bought them both for £500. The second cottage was occupied by a young man, Jim Holtom, and his wife, who proved themselves among our best friends. Jim was driving a coal lorry at the time, but he had farming in his blood and spent all his spare time working on a small holding. His father was the shepherd of the farm on the hill above us and his brother was working on another farm. Jim soon agreed to work in with us and we bought some land and a couple of cows, and soon we were able to supply the whole village with milk. There were not more than twenty people altogether in the village, and all lived in small cottages like our own with Cotswold tiles, except for one, which had had the tiles stripped and sold to make money, and replaced by a hideous asbestos roof. We thus had always before our eyes an example of greed and



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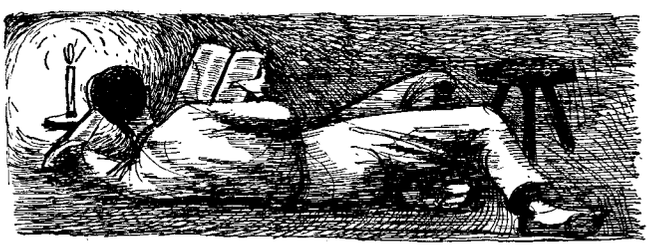
industrialism bringing disharmony and ugliness into the ordered beauty of life.

The village had nothing particularly picturesque about it. It was a plain little village at the bottom of a valley with a small stream running through it, but it had the simple beauty of everything which is in harmony with nature. It will give some idea of the cost of living in these conditions if I say that the rent of most of these cottages was not more than three or four shillings a week, yet each of them had a small garden and often a solid stone pig-sty as well. Jim Holtom's father, the shepherd, had brought up his family of five on a wage of twelve shillings and sixpence a week, and they had never lacked for any of the necessities of life. There were others living on the old age pension who, with the vegetables from their garden, a sow and perhaps some bees, could live in considerable comfort. They always welcomed us with a glass of home-made wine and would never take money for the vegetables which they gave us.

Our next-door neighbors were three brothers, one of whom was a devout Methodist, whose favorite books were the Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress* and Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*; but he was an epileptic, and it was a shock one day to find him, when I went to draw the water at the village tap, lying on his cabbage patch in a fit. Another brother was said to be an atheist. They lived in separate houses and it was said that they had never spoken to one another in twenty years. The inhabitants of the cottage with the asbestos roof were unmarried and had a bad reputation, which sometimes caused a disturbance in the village. But generally the life was very peaceful and we made friends of all.

There was no water laid on in the village and we all went to the village tap to draw water. Twenty years before, it was said, there had been no tap even and the villagers had gone to fetch their water from the spring. It was my job to fill the water-pots every morning, and often in the winter one would go out in the early morning before it was yet light and find the tap frozen; but we soon learned to light a straw fire underneath it on these occasions so as to thaw it. We had our own garden which Hugh used to work, and very soon we were able to grow most of our own vegetables. The only form of sanitation was an earth closet outside, and one of my first jobs was to clean this out and spread the contents on the garden for manure. We were thus faced from the start with the most primitive conditions of life, but it was exactly what we wanted. We were up by six o'clock every morning, and each of us learned to milk, so that our lives fell into the regular rhythm of the country. We had not to get up to see the dawn; it was there waiting for us when we went out to draw the water or to milk the cows, and morning and evening in winter we could watch the constellations moving round the sky.

Inside, the cottage was as bare and simple as we could make it. There were four rooms, a kitchen which we used also as a living room, and another room, which we used as a study, downstairs; and two bedrooms upstairs, one of which we made into a dormitory and the other we kept as a spare room for our friends. The walls we had whitewashed and for ceiling there were the oak rafters stained with creosote. We picked up a kitchen table and some old wheel-back chairs second-hand, and apart from them we had no furniture. On the floor we had coconut-matting. Our beds were made of wood by the local carpenter and we had mattresses stuffed with straw from a neighboring farm. We had no curtains or coverlets or cushions or anything to relieve the bare simplicity. All this was a matter of long discussion and often of argument between us, as we were not all alike in our tastes and it took time to work out the principles on which we wished to live. Our aim was to do without all products of the industrial revolution as far as it was humanly possible.



At first we compromised in many things, but gradually we found that it was possible to go further than we had ever imagined. For instance, we had bought to begin with an oil lamp, but we later found a blacksmith who was willing to make us an iron candelabrum, and to our delight we discovered that it was possible to get tallow dips for candles, which had once been a local industry. We found, moreover, that the four candles gave a perfect light for reading; and we learned from this one of the great lessons of our life. Our purpose in using the tallow dips had been simply to do without the products of industrialism, but we found that the light of these candles, reflected on the bare white walls and against the dark oak rafters, created an atmosphere of indescribable beauty. Thus we were able to prove in our own lives that when the simple, natural means are used for any natural end, however humble, they will inevitably produce an effect of beauty.

ANOTHER problem which presented itself was that of crockery. There was an ironmonger's van which used to call each week in the village with oil



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which we bought at first for our oil lamp, and also with a stock of cheap modern ware. We thought at first that we should have to buy some of this, but when we asked the man he told us that there was a pottery at Winchcombe where we could get hand-made pots. The next day, therefore, I rode over to Winchcombe and was met at the pottery by an old man who, I discovered, was called Elijah Comfort. He told me that "the master" was inside and I went in, expecting to see another old man like himself. But I was met by a young man not much older than myself, who had been a contemporary at Oxford and had given up academic life in order to devote his life to the revival of the old English type of pottery known as slip-ware. This was Michael Cardew, whose work was already becoming well known and was afterwards exhibited at the Victoria and Albert Museum as some of the finest work of modern craftsmanship. But his desire was not to produce pots for exhibition but for the ordinary use in the home.

He soon became one of our closest friends and was ready to provide us with anything which we wanted and to make special pots for us if it was necessary. In this way we obtained all the crockery we needed, made out of the local clay and fashioned with the kind of instinctive beauty of the homely old English ware. Among other things he made us two superb pitchers for fetching the water from the village tap, which were large enough to last, when filled, for the whole day. Michael was a great admirer of Chinese pottery and culture, to such an extent that he had learned the language in order to be able to study the *Analects* of Confucius in Chinese. We found in him, therefore, a link with the whole of that traditional culture which had existed all over the world before the Industrial Revolution came to destroy it. He was also a musician and had learned to play the recorder, and sometimes when he was staying with us he would entertain us with airs from Purcell or Palestrina.

We allowed ourselves no modern books or newspapers or gramophone or wireless in the cottage, but for recreation we learned some old English rounds which we used to sing sitting together round the table. I remember one in particular by William Byrd made on the words of the psalm, *"Non nobis Domine non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam."* We sang it for the beauty of the melody and the counterpoint, but the words nevertheless made a deep impression on me and like so much else in our life were prophetic of events which were to come. Our reading was all in the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries or earlier, and even the books, as time went on, were mostly early editions and folios. In this way we soaked ourselves in the traditions of the past and the modern world became more and more remote. I used sometimes to go and stand by the main road not two miles away and watch the cars going by, and it seemed as far removed from our life as ancient Rome or Babylon.

We used to travel at first on a bicycle but after a short time we decided to give this up and buy a horse. We all learned to ride simply by jumping on the horse's back and riding bare-back round a field, and soon we were able to ride for quite long distances. When we went home, as we did from time to time, we would never go by train, as the train stood for us above all things as the symbol of that which had destroyed the peace and order of the countryside. At first I would go by bicycle, but when we had given up the bicycle I decided to walk. It was, I think, about seventy or eighty miles and I could just manage it by staying at two places on the way. Every departure from the village thus became an adventure, which was often tiring but which gave one a deep sense of belonging to the country.

OUR food was always very simple and we soon settled into a regular routine. For breakfast we had porridge which we cooked in an iron cauldron over-night and put in a hay-box until the morning. For dinner we had a vegetable stew which we prepared after breakfast and again put in the hay-box until dinnertime. With this we had cheese from a great round of "Double-Gloster" cheese, which had once been the ordinary cheese of the locality. For supper we had eggs from four Khaki-Campbell ducks which we left to forage round the village all day and which laid four eggs without fail every morning. Our bread was baked for us by a baker at Bibury. We had wholemeal stone-ground flour from the old mill at Winchcombe which was said to have been working since the Norman Conquest, and it was baked in an old brick oven heated by faggots.

In many ways like this, we found that the customs of former ages still survived in one or two places, though it is probable that they have now died out. I was told that twenty years before the old flour mills had been working in all the villages down the little river valleys, whereas now all the corn was sent to Cirencester to be ground by machinery. We were thus witnessing the death of a great cultural inheritance. For all around us in the Cotswold villages and towns we could see the remains of a local culture of authentic beauty. It had grown out of the country and developed century by century until it had formed a closely woven pattern of economic life, in which all the native skill of craftsmanship was able to reveal itself. It was a culture based on local custom and tradition, centered in small towns and villages, which were largely independent of the outside world, and which therefore had its own unique, distinctive character. The new



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world of the industrial towns was steadily destroying it, but at least we were able to learn some of the secrets of that way of life, which had sustained its existence for so many centuries.

We tried to live as far as possible without the use of anything which could not be obtained in the locality. Thus we had no tea or coffee or sugar or tobacco, but drank milk from the cows and used honey with which one of our neighbors supplied us for sweetening. We even tried to get our bread made from Cotswold wheat and our porridge from Cotswold oats. Of course, we were not pretending that it was possible to go back altogether to those earlier conditions of life, but we wanted to test for ourselves what life under such conditions was like. At least it taught us one lesson of permanent value. We found that the cost of living was lower than we could ever have imagined. We reckoned after some experiment that the three of us could live on an income of £100 a year altogether, allowing not only for food and clothing and all household expenses but also for books. On the other hand, if we went home for two or three days we would spend more in a day than would have kept us in the necessities of life for a week or a fortnight.

From this we learned that modern civilization is not concerned primarily with providing the necessities of life any more than with producing those things which make for its beauty and dignity, but above all in extending the quantity of material conveniences. This served us as a criterion to distinguish between civilization and culture. For while a civilization is concerned with the continual extension of material luxury, often at the cost of the health and happiness of those who work for it, a culture like that of the Cotswolds, in which we were living, is based first of all on the necessities of human life, on the need for food and clothing and shelter. On this basis it builds up a network of human industry, in which the skill of men's hands is employed in co-operation with nature. The ploughing of the earth and the sowing and reaping of the corn; the tending of cattle and sheep for meat and leather and wool; the brewing of malt and baking of bread; the spinning and weaving for clothes; the quarrying of stone for building and the felling of timber for the carpenter's shop—all these were part of an age-long ritual in which it was understood that man's well-being was to be found. It was on this basis that the great cultures of antiquity had grown, of China and India no less than of Greece and Rome. Upon this basis the arts of architecture, sculpture, painting, poetry, music and dancing could develop, all in vital relationship with the common life of the town and village. A culture was an organic growth in which man and nature worked together in a profound harmony which satisfied the deepest instincts of the human heart.



AMERICANS ABROAD

# Incident on the Manila Waterfront

LAST December 4th two Americans—in the Philippines as labor advisors to the University of the Philippines—drove down to the Manila waterfront in their cars and talked to leaders and members of a striking union who were picketing there.

They spoke to these people in their cars and in a nearby restaurant. They went over to the picket-line and talked to the pickets there, giving them cigarettes and encouragement. A band was present from the musicians' union and when the pickets broke into a little dance the two Americans joined them.

While the two Americans were present a truckload of strikebreakers drove through the picket-line throwing rocks and soda bottles. A police officer arrested one of the pickets for throwing a bottle at the scabs. (Several weeks before one of the pickets had been killed in an outbreak of violence.)

"This arrest enraged the pickets . . . . [One of the Americans] offered the suggestion that the police officer and arrested striker move out of the area as quickly as possible to prevent an outbreak of violence. [He] then pleaded earnestly with the pickets to go back on their line and with Father Hogan transported the police officer and arrested picket in his car from the scene."

The two Americans have now been suspended from their jobs and ordered to return to the United States for hearing. Their superior has stated to anyone interested, including this writer, that the two Americans have no chance of being reinstated no matter what the outcome of the hearing.

These two Americans, Cyril O'Brien and James Tully, were and are employees of the University of Connecticut, labor advisors to the University of the Philippines for the purpose of setting up a labor education center at the University, which is owned and controlled by the Philippine government. The contract between the two universities is underwritten and financed by the Foreign Operations Administration of the U.S. government. This is the nearest O'Brien and Tully come to an official U.S. capacity.

In trying to get to the bottom of this complex rhubarb I have talked to the aforementioned superior, George Paul, director of the Labor-Management Institute of the University of Connecticut, and I have read his eight-page report on the affair. I have read

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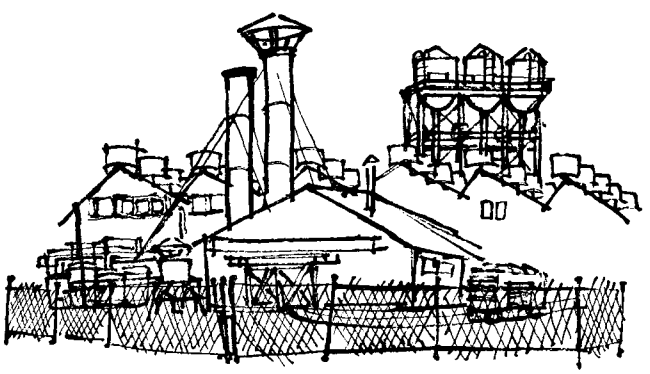
the five-page report of O'Brien and Tully, an eight-page report of Father Walter Hogan, S.J., (the Father Hogan mentioned in the above quotation, which is from the O'Brien-Tully report). Also a six-page letter from O'Brien to his brother; an article in *The Sentinel,* diocesan Catholic newspaper of Manila, supporting the two men; a disputed release from the Philippine Secretary of Labor praising and defending them; and a letter from the Philippine Undersecretary of Foreign Affairs denying that the Philippine government had protested their action or asked for their recall.

Before going to the Philippines last August Tully was a vice-president of the AFL Ironworkers, O'Brien a member of the staff of the Textile Workers, CIO. Both have spent their lives in the labor movement, mainly as professionals. They are not by vocation or training professors, though they have that rank. O'Brien I have known for eighteen years.

Tom Flynn, former U.S. labor attaché in Manila, supplied the following background: Immediately after World War II Communist GI's stationed in the Philippines helped to organize the Congress of Labor



Organizations. Heavily frowned on by the U.S., this organization did not last, but most of its component unions regrouped under the name of the Philippine Association of Free Labor Unions (PAFLU).

There is another group called the National Labor Union. It is mostly a combination of racketeer and company-union outfits. It has no more of a mass base than does the PAFLU. Its main distinction is that it is the only Filipino affiliate of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions.

About 1947 Father Walter Hogan, a Jesuit stationed in Manila for the purpose of running one of the labor-management Institutes of Social Order familiar to those in the States, encouraged a group of Filipino workers to organize a militant, honest, anti-Communist labor organization known as the Federation of Free Workers. Father Hogan has no official connection with the FFW, which is decidedly not a Catholic union. Many of its leaders are non-Catholics.

The PAFLU, the National Labor Union and some other unions, including out-and-out company unions, have combined in a loose amalgamation called the Philippine Trade Unity Council. This organization has come out against the FFW waterfront strike which began this article. The Trade Unity Council has the sympathy of Robert Kinney, chief of the labor and productivity division of the Foreign Operations Administration and acting labor attaché at the U.S. Embassy, and of the acting director of the FOA in the Philippines and the man who heads the University of Connecticut team in Manila.

The Federation of Free Workers has refused to join the Philippine Trade Unity Council—because they don't like the kind of company they would be keeping—and thus has won the displeasure of the aforementioned U.S. officials.

The big fuss about the O'Brien-Tully visit to the FFW picket line comes because they were photographed extensively there by the Manila newspapers. (Another member of the Connecticut team had visited the picket line on another occasion without arousing comment.)

AT any rate Paul wasn't there, and neither were any of the American officials. Father Hogan *was* there. This was his reaction: "At one point George [Paul] said that I seemed to feel that the two had done nothing wrong or inappropriate in visiting the picket line. I said that I not only thought it not wrong but something long overdue and only what would be expected from any teacher of labor, as otherwise he could hardly be acquainted with what goes on in the local labor movement."

After the pictures had appeared in the papers and the struck company had emitted a loud squawk about "intervention in a Philippine labor dispute," Kinney and Prentice quickly went to see Ambassador Spruance and urged him to ask Washington for the recall of O'Brien and Tully. This he did, without talking to either of the two men.

"Next," Father Hogan reports, "Ed Prentice [the FOA leader] and John Glynn [head of the Connecticut team] called upon Dr. Vidal Tan, president of the University of the Philippines, showed him the photographs and asked Dr. Tan to ask the University of Connecticut to cancel the contracts of the two men. This Dr. Tan did . . . without talking to Messrs. O'Brien and Tully and without any investigation of any kind.

"Then or later a cable signed by Messrs. Kinney, Glynn and Gottlieb [another member of the Univ. of Conn. team] stated that unless Messrs. Tully and O'Brien were recalled, the three signatories, Kinney, Glynn and Gottlieb, were prepared to resign their own positions."

Paul told me that he had suspended the men and ordered them back to Connecticut for a hearing. On the matter of the suspension I quote from Father Hogan's



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report, part of an exchange he had with Paul after the latter flew to Manila to investigate the incident:

"I told him [Paul] that he acted more like a gangster than a university investigator. When he asked why, I said that the way he ordered Messrs. Tully and O'Brien not to talk to anyone in the Philippine government or FOA under penalty of having their pay cut off immediately smacked more of the gangster world than the realm of honest and objective investigation of a supposed misdemeanor."

At another point in the conversation Father Hogan writes, "I said if they railroaded these two men out of here, no decent trade unionist would ever go near the [labor education] center again or have anything to do with its personnel."

I UNDERSTAND that George Meany, president of the AFL, has protested vigorously against the treatment of O'Brien and Tully, as has also Victor Reuther for the CIO. The Federation of Free Workers, of course, has made long and loud protests in their behalf.

As Johnny Tan, president of the FFW, put it, "We cannot express the indignation of our members upon learning of the suspensions of Mr. Cyril O'Brien and James Tully from their positions in the Labor Education Center." Father Hogan's comment: "I cannot find after careful investigation that Messrs. Tully and O'Brien got into any trouble except with Messrs. Prentice, Kinney and Glynn."

Maybe Father Hogan is too close to it to be impartial. Maybe I am too far away to make a sound, informed judgment. But my own conclusion is this: It is not easy for two men who have devoted their lives to active work in behalf of the labor movement to jump suddenly to the position of objective detachment which is supposed to characterize university professors. Maybe they were a bit over-enthusiastic on that picket line. Maybe they went a bit beyond their right as private citizens to take a stand. I don't know. Maybe they did not give Glynn a written report as soon as they should have. I don't know.

But does the punishment fit the crime? I would say, decidedly not. And is the punishment damaging to the work of FOA and the University of Connecticut in the Philippines? I would say, decidedly yes.

This incident has irrevocably alienated the one labor group in the Philippines which, by Mr. Paul's own admission, is doing an effective job in a labor movement torn and confused and abused by Communists, racketeers and company unionists. And it has jeopardized this country's praiseworthy attempt to help the Philippine people develop a sound and democratic union movement of their own.

JOHN C. CORT.

# THE STAGE

## THE SAINT OF BLEECKER STREET

MR. Gian-Carlo Menotti's new opera is a contemporary document of much energy and some power, imposing itself—in a production of great brilliance and *éclat*—as one of the season's more decisive experiences. If a certain unwonted coolness seems to frost this praise, that will be in the nature of a corrective: I cannot believe that Mr. Menotti is interested in less than the serious regard of a serious audience, and the indiscriminate response to his new work in some of the noisier public quarters can only do the piece a disservice. There is, one might add, an ambiguous irony in the critical reaction to the two works of religious imagination which have so far graced the season—Graham Greene's "The Living Room" and Mr. Menotti's opera. The one—with its firm religious center, its rational moral sensibility (however that may have been overstated)—repelled; the other—nebulous and visionary, making far sharper demands on the spontaneous faculty of belief—has been fulsomely eulogized. Certainly there is a cautionary moral here about the importance of production (Mr. Greene's drama was so slackly projected as to fail, inevitably, of impact), yet is there not, too, another disturbing note of our preference for the "mystical" at a safe remove rather than for the disquieting, for what discommodes at a deeper level of personal unease?

"I am satisfied if I shock," the composer has observed; "that is, if I create strong emotion." The statement—notably the corollary—is suggestive; it illumines a most questionable aesthetic intention. For precisely this has corrupted Menotti's talent: something intemperate and meretricious, a satisfaction with effect rather than truth, an exploitation of extreme situations. I would except from this judgment the vividly malign "Medium" and so tenderly evocative a work as "Amahl and the Night Visitors." They are self-contained aesthetic objects, entirely adequate to the experiences they enclose; they state poetic truths—of remembered innocence, or spiritual possession—with beautiful concision and illustrative power. Not so the later compositions—or rather, the more ambitious ones. For example: doubtless there lies behind the lurid facade of "The Consul" a generous sentiment about abused humanity—once it erupts, gloriously—yet what we remember is the bizarre trickery, the lattice-work of melodrama, a curious kind of (as it were) musical rhetoric of the emotions. For these operas invoke a context; they are infected by the presence—indeed the necessity—of ideas. Their poetic truth diminishes as the external world intrudes, for we then apply the



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real standards of real experience. We have moved quite beyond the exquisitely mindless world of operatic Italian personal relationships, and there is a startling disparity between the moral weight of the subject and the aesthetic vessel which has been fashioned to contain it.

The poetic truth of "The Saint of Bleecker Street" is large and profound: it bridges the alien worlds of pure faith and destructive reason, clothing each with the flesh of particularity. One is symbolized by the sickly Annina, whose experience of the stigmata visibly registers her piety; the other by Michele her brother, a rebel "who has never asked for love, only understanding." Tension springs out of Annina's religious vocation, or rather her brother's response to that vocation—for the opera records a conflict superficially of persons, ultimately of temperament. That conflict is rehearsed in a variety of incident—alternately comic, poignant, melodramatic. But the character of Michele is the weakest link in the narrative; he cannot at all sustain the weight of meaning imposed by Menotti, and emerges only as a kind of dramatic pretext. His rebellion seems gratuitous, without motive: a secondary affair of passion, however picturesque, is irrelevant, and the suggestion of incestuous love merely sensational; the theme of racial alienation—explicitly invoked in a major aria—is not, I think, easily absorbed in the operatic convention. Hence what we see is a profound division of the human spirit, passionately annotated, in which the protagonists never join battle: the pain travels along the nerves; it does not penetrate more deeply.

Musically, "The Saint of Bleecker Street" is eclectic, warmed above all by the hovering mantle of Puccini. Mr. Virgil Thomson's judgment of an earlier Menotti opera is still valid: "harmonically a bit chromatic and fussy, melodically a shade undistinguished." The recitative, as ever, is expert; the *verismo* details unfailingly ingenious—a sweet trio of Neapolitan love songs is notably charming. There are passages of seductive richness and harmony, though again much of the orchestral writing is muddy and badly interferes with vocal projection. To the opera's loss, no single melodic theme dominates, and its absence is constantly felt: the demand was implicit in the situation, and its unfulfillment sometimes gives the work the aspect of an elaborate setting without a jewel. What is most impressive is a final scene of liturgical power recording Annina's consecration as a bride of Christ. I cannot agree that the dramatic representation of so sacred a rite invades or abuses privacy; indeed, in its lordly beauty and serenity—its essential piety—the musical writing here (largely choral) seemed to me entirely adequate to its subject, the one undiluted triumph of the opera.

Virginia Copeland's Annina—pallidly incandescent, hollowed out with the flame of sanctity—is an image of inexpressible spiritual fineness; David Poleri endows the incomplete Michele with a vastly compensating Latin force and temperament. The performances of Gloria Lane and Leon Lishner, vocally sumptuous, are also in every way dramatically expressive, while the gifted Thomas Schippers brings his unexcelled sympathy and youthful power to a reading of the Menotti score. The physical production, supervised by Lincoln Kirstein, artfully absorbs the visual impact of a quartet of paintings by George Tooker. Nothing if not an impresario, Mr. Menotti blends these elements into an occasion which bears the indelible signature of his private sensibility. I have attempted a partial account of that occasion, certain that time and knowledge will modify judgment—in what direction, who shall say? For the time being, here is the complex, elusive experience of "The Saint of Bleecker Street," demonstrating again—had one needed assurance—that Mr. Menotti has not done with us, nor we with him. (*At the Broadway.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

# THE SCREEN

## "SOME CORNER OF A FOREIGN FIELD"

EXCEPT for a few brief scenes concerned with men on leave in Japan, "The Bridges at Toko-ri" is all war; and Mark Robson has directed his cast beautifully to show us what fighting men are made of. William Holden is excellent as Lieutenant Brubaker, a jet pilot, who served well in World War II and resents bitterly being called into the Navy to serve in an undeclared war in Korea. Also outstanding is Fredric March as the admiral on the carrier who lost two sons in action and almost looks on Brubaker as one of his sons. Equally good is Mickey Rooney as a cocky young man who wears a green hat and scarf as he pilots the helicopter and expertly rescues other pilots-in-distress from the ocean or Korean fields. Also effective is the supporting cast which includes, among many others, Earl Holliman as Rooney's buddy, Charles McGraw as a commander pilot, Robert Strauss as the landing officer on the carrier, and Grace Kelly as Holden's wife who comes to Japan with their two little daughters and learns from the admiral that her husband is about to start off on the dangerous mission of bombing the bridges at Toko-ri.

After all the expertly photographed and tensely portrayed scenes in this film of the James Michener novel, the episode of the bombing of the bridges is



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almost anti-climactic, but Toko-ri is a symbol of something that has to be done. "Whatever progress this world has made is due to the efforts of a few." Perhaps the admiral's answer to the bitter though manly Brubaker is the film's whole point: "Nobody knows why he gets the dirty job. . . . Militarily, this war is a tragedy. . . . But where would you have us take our stand? At the Mississippi?"

THE English have sent to American screens two unusual films, neither of which quite comes up to expectations, but both of which deserve attention for being so distinctly not run-of-the-mill. Employing an extraordinarily good cast, "The Green Scarf" tells an extraordinary story: the trial, for murder, of a man who is deaf, blind and dumb. "Dumb" is of course the wrong word to use for this man (played by Kieron Moore) who was taught at a fine French school by a patient Catholic Brother (Leo Genn), was happily married, became the author of a book and was returning from a lecture tour in the United States when the murder of which he was accused occurred aboard the liner. The story itself is fascinating, but Director George More O'Ferrall, who handled much more difficult themes in "The Holly and the Ivy" and "The Heart of the Matter," spent so much time establishing the leading character, the defense lawyer played by Michael Redgrave as a whiskered and lovably messy old man, that the plot almost gets lost in the shuffle; and the solution is third-rate melodrama unworthy of all this talent. But the relationship between the deaf-and-blind mute and his wife (Ann Todd) is movingly portrayed both before and after her extra-marital fling which involved the couple in the murder. Equally absorbing are the scenes showing the mute's schooling. If you can put up with Redgrave's good but rather pointless acting, you may find most of "The Green Scarf" worth your efforts.

GEORGE Orwell's satirical fable, "Animal Farm," should have been a natural for the animated-cartoon style of movie, and its production by the noted British cartoon team of John Halas and Joy Batchelor has been awaited with anticipation. Perhaps that is why the let-down is so great. Instead of following the imaginative cartoon style of Stephen Bosustow, whose UPA shorts about Gerald McBoing-Boing, Mr. Magoo and Madeleine have delighted adults, the makers of "Animal Farm" turned to old-school Disney and have come up with a fable for adults rendered in a kind of calendar art that even kids have outgrown. The story about the animal's revolt against farmer Jones is still foolproof, and anyone will get the point when the well-meaning revolutionists allow their communal project to be taken over by the pigs who soon add to the rule: "All animals are equal" their own qualifying clause: "But some are more equal than others." Orwell's story with its parallels to Nazi and Communist movements is by no means without interest in this seventy-five minute cartoon; my only regret is that it wasn't also a work of art worthy of Orwell.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

# COMMUNICATIONS

## CHRISTIAN CULTURE

Los Angeles, Calif.

TO the Editors: Mr. Joseph McMahon [Jan. 7] detects the odor of the ghetto in Professor Dawson's theories. That may be. But certainly, the odor is fainter there than in Belloc. By which faintness we can detect *some* progress away from the "Christendom" error.

Nevertheless, may I suggest that perhaps Mr. McMahon doesn't go far enough. . . . I'd like to see a double precaution taken against this most indestructible of the *bien pensant* attitudes among us. So I respectfully suggest that the problem of our institutions today is essentially one of doing four things at once:

1.) Building up a curriculum which adequately meets the intellectual and technical standards maintained in "their" institutions of intellectual and technical research. . . .

2.) Increasing the chances of what our French co-religionists term *"recontre"* between "them" and ourselves, between their transient puzzlements and hopes and Paradox and the permanent Response "so evidently set forth among us" in the Cross. This *rencontre* should be taking place right now on all levels, from that of the "little magazine" right on down to the most crowded freshman lecture course.

3.) That we stop talking about a "Catholic" sociology. A "Catholic" philosophy was enough. But this is worse. At this rate, when may we expect to hear of a "Catholic" biology, or the Roman theory of electronics? In other words, let's heed Gilson and stop attempting clumsily to theologize everything we can lay our hands on, imagining that we thus "baptize" it.

4.) And, paradoxically, we must do the last thing, which, Gospel-like, shall have to be the first thing. Though we must avoid mixing it shallowly and muddily with philosophy or the scientific disciplines, we must study Dogma more profoundly today, and, as Pius XII has requested, more "subtly." Here is the *caput anguli* for us. The rock of scandal and stumbling which first separates us from them but only ultimately to bring "us all nigh." Our theology contains implicit in itself the "only efficacious sign" of



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severance and community. But who else shall ever make it explicit to the world?

Today we see attacked this amazing medley of secular humanist ideology, semi-Christian platitude and attractive materialist technology (which we also enjoy) and which goes by the name "Western civilization" or, more recently, "the free world." We see it threatened by a powerful and even more consistently materialist enemy and we can no longer afford to entertain the "Christendom" illusion, either in its rude Chesterbelloc form or in the more sophisticated garb in which it appears today.

Instead of having our colleges give special core curriculums built up of Byzantine ikons, mystery plays, Baroque ecclesiastical architecture and Donne's poetry (which could all be well taken care of in existing English and Art departments), I suggest that our colleges have a start at catching up with the twentieth century by replacing their four "required semesters" of Religion courses with a decent, modern, vernacular curriculum in Scripture and Theology—abbreviated from the seminary length, of course, but nevertheless intellectually commensurate with other disciplines. I would most particularly underline the study of the theology of history as a conclusion to the courses.

This, and not a vague Christian Culture course, is the crying need of our institutions today. This would enable our graduates to see their Faith in a little of its scope and depth. The other three objectives would slowly be reached and then perhaps some of us could begin to do "for this century what Cassiodorus did for the early Middle Ages."

At any rate, without going to the heady excesses of much of contemporary Protestant eschatology, . . . we can nevertheless avoid the dangerous error of Belloc and others of his school (Christendom the "standing grace of the world") by talking and acting something like this:

> ". . . Time [History] is vanity only for one who, using it unnaturally, desires to *establish* himself in it. . . . Of necessity, we must find a foothold in time if we are to rise into eternity; we must use time. The Word of God submitted Himself to this essential law; He came to deliver us from time but by means of time. . . . This is the Law of the Incarnation. . . . Following Christ's example, 'loyally and with no cheating,' every Christian must acquiesce in that state of engagement in time which gives him part and lot in all history, so that his connection with eternity is not unrelated to a past that he knows is immense and a future the length of which is hidden from him. . . ."—Henri de Lubac, S.J., *Catholicism.*

This profound concept of the Incarnation in ever-passing incarnations is, I submit, one which more of us would do well to consider, faced, as we are today, with the hydrogen age and cybernetics.

Also I might warn all, that, though the study of Christian Culture can be a summer delight to the more esoteric of us, it cannot replace the diligent and autumnal study of the theology of history, especially when we must deal very frankly with the possibility of the collapse of that same culture.

I refer all to the striking address given at Evanston last summer by Professor Joseph Hromadka of Prague—beyond the Iron Curtain—on the "death agony" of Christendom. While I cannot vouch for that particular theologian's theses (which so much ruffled *Time's* occidental feathers), I do think they ought to bring at least a momentary halt in our talk about Christian Culture and force us to face steadily the twin realities of our time: "historical" man in all his "power" and profound transiency, and the Cross in all its bare "foolishness" and hidden permanency. . . .

It would seem that our secularist friends, in increasing number, are, for weal or woe, abandoning the conservative, idealistic humanism we grew up neighbors with and embracing the socialist idea of more energetic progress and more violent moral imperative. They speak, many of them, of "junking" the civilization which they and we have built up together because it is so hopelessly flawed and unjust that it must die. Some want to rebuild with a careful selection of the present material. Others search for a completely new timber, desiring a clean break. Others, perhaps a majority, frankly don't know what they're going to do—except change. None can read the future.

Now, those of us who are Christians will not be able to read the future any better than they. (We are, as Father de Lubac puts it, "also engaged.") But—please God—we shall be able to read the Gospel. And that—not the contemplated amenities of our past cultural achievements, will be our vocation and perhaps their hope.

CHARLES STINSON.

## "THE CENSURE OF SENATOR McCARTHY"

Rockville, Conn.

TO the Editors: In writing these comments on the article by Francis J. Keenan, "The Censure of Senator McCarthy" [Dec. 31], I must admit that it was a sound article and would have been sufficiently accurate for almost any other magazine. However, I have come to expect the best and most thoughtful study of all issues in The Commonweal, and while this article is correct in many ways there is a certain basic lack of insight that troubled me.

One of the statements that falls into this class is, "and of first importance here must be Senator Ralph Flanders, from whose very active conscience an awareness of an objection grew into the determination required to carry it through." I respectfully note that



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Senator Flanders was untroubled by McCarthy until McCarthy broke ranks in the Republican party and that the same Senator Flanders applauded McCarthy's charges of treason against the Democratic party. Was this a manifestation of his "very active conscience"? Where was Senator Flanders prior to the Army-McCarthy hearing?

Mr. Keenan notes that "Cicero, one of the few to see the evil below the surface of apparently simple political disturbance, moved cautiously; as consul, he gathered his facts, and at the height of Catiline's activity and in the midst of mounting popular confusion, pierced the darkness of Catiline's plot." Who is the Cicero of the McCarthy censure? I would answer Senator William Benton, who gathered his facts when McCarthy was at the height of his activity and exposed the "pattern of fraud and deceit" by ten specific charges. Mr. Keenan did not mention Senator Benton in spite of the fact that the censure was based almost completely on Benton's charges and the failure of McCarthy to appear before a Senate committee to answer them. It was Benton's appearance before the same committee that set a precedent which spotlighted McCarthy's failure to appear. It was Benton who waived his immunity in a remarkable show of courage to call McCarthy's bluff at a crucial time.

It is not important that Mr. Keenan has forgotten Senator Benton's key role so soon because of the future of Senator Benton. But it is important that we as a nation are willing to forget the people of courage who fight for principles when they are in danger, and give the credit to the people who climb on a bandwagon when it is expedient. How can we call for men of courage to speak out on issues and then forget them when they have fought the good battle?

LEO B. FLAHERTY, JR.

## "THE DISSOLUTION OF LIBERALISM"

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editors: I know of few articles that I have disagreed with more vehemently or with more consideration than Russell Kirk's "The Dissolution of Liberalism" [Jan. 7]. I think that Mr. Kirk has denied liberalism its continuity by denying it maturity. He makes much of the errors of the doctrinaire liberal, and attempts to bury liberalism as a whole because of the vulnerability of its extremists. That is as fair as attempting to bury conservatism because of Herman Talmadge.

There were, for instance, early liberals of stature besides Jeremy Bentham. There is the liberalism of de Tocqueville and Lord Acton; and, in overlooking them, Mr. Kirk opens himself to the accusation of proving his point by putting all the "good guys" in history on his side, and all the "bad guys" with the liberals. One reason for this I believe is that Mr. Kirk, being a conservative and thinking in terms of fixed principles only, can identify liberalism only in its doctrinaire form.

The truth is that when liberalism is doctrinaire it is least liberal. Fundamentally, liberalism is empirical in its outlook—and is in fact more a way of looking at things in the political order than a political philosophy itself. The liberal, for instance, is not devoted to change as a matter of principle, but sees change as a fact of life which must be recognized in practical politics if a society is to survive. . . .

The necessity and vitality of a mature liberalism is, to my mind, today being demonstrated by the fact that the eminently conservative party in the United States has had to accept almost the entire body of liberal reforms. It is further demonstrated by Mr. Kirk's acceptance of a fundamental liberal attitude; namely, "the insufficiency of private judgment to govern either society or character." It is precisely for this reason that liberals have traditionally questioned arbitrary authority; and it is on those questions that much of the liberal politics has been built.

And, it is because the liberal questions the infallibility of the invisible bureaucracy of the giant corporation that he promotes the visible bureaucracy of big government. It is not that the liberal has abandoned liberty for security; but, rather, that he has learned there can be no liberty without security. It is not a matter of creating a super-state with no checks; it is a matter of creating a balance of power (at least in American society) between big business and all the citizens.

Moreover, the equalitarian suburbia Mr. Kirk vociferously dreads was created by the Levitts, and the company planners who officially espouse the conservative cause—not by liberal schemers. It is the conservative copywriter at BBD&O who preaches utopia daily in the commercials, even though he damns "creeping socialism" in the political ads.

I'm sorry; I can't buy Mr. Kirk's product. I believe there is still quite a bit of change going on in the world and that the empirical, liberal mind is still much in demand. It is not enough to stand for the established gains of the labor unions in the face of the automatic factory; it is not enough to be content with our present economy which might never withstand the shock of peace; it is not enough to be content with the present condition of the Negro or of the dispossessed or displaced or of the poor anywhere.

It may well be that our only choices are of an "iron discipline like that of Communism," or "some Machiavellian scheme founded on self-interest" or Mr. Kirk's traditional-religious conservatism—and that no one will want to assume the burden of liberal skepticism with its eternal suspicion that "all power



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corrupts," and its discontent with the present order of things. But if this is true, we really are in a hell of a fix.

EDMUND NAUGHTON.

Bayville, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In Russell Kirk's article "The Dissolution of Liberalism" we are once again treated to a pleasant display of erudition in the now familiar tonal poem of the neo-conservatives. It is a voguish theme and Mr. Kirk does it rather well.

The fate of the new-conservative is to be always in attack. The offensive is their forte; they are not at all good at what they claim to be doing—conserving.

Now it is valid to assess that peculiar and short-sighted naiveté called liberalism as shallow. There is no question that the purposeful neglect of the reality of absolutes and their necessity brought liberalism to "spiritual bankruptcy." Yet to give the devil his due, was it not that very naiveté that brought liberalism to attack what seemed impervious to attack—entrenched privilege and obstinate blindness?

Now, my specific quarrels with Mr. Kirk lie with his assumptions, explicit or not.

Why do neo-conservative hackles rise at the concept of security? Does Mr. Kirk realize that eighty-five per cent of the American work-force derives its income from wage labor? What this means is a constant insecurity. It may be obscured by prosperity, by well-meaning fringe programs, but it is real. This is not a criticism; it is a fact. It is all very jolly to conceive of us as a nation of musket grippers astride the threshold of the homestead, but don't try to build a viable political or economic policy on that basis. And for all the dire croaking, we are not exactly threatened with stultifying security in the form of governmental cushions. Fifty per cent of our families have no savings or are dissaving; our median income is about $3200; our peak unemployment benefits are $30 a week and terminate in twenty-six weeks; fewer than ten states have disability programs; public housing has been on a very modest level. All I mean to say is that we are in no immediate danger of losing the challenges of poverty, pain, and dulling environment.

While Mr. Kirk specifically exempts himself from charges of business-philia, yet there is in his disclaimer an atmosphere that provokes comment.

If liberalism is defined as infatuation with the future, affection for change, a craving for novelty, then the institution which most embodies liberalism is business. Nowhere else are these characteristics so blatant and so pervasive. With the necessitated use of advertising and the accelerating momentum of technological change, this institution has wrought more flux, restlessness, and dissatisfaction than any dedicated band of philosophically convinced "liberals." Yet, if one defines liberalism as devotion to planning, stability and uniformity, again ironically it is epitomized in business. And must be, for our system is too delicate to permit uncertainty in day-to-day operation.

It is obvious, if one defines conservatism as the party interested in private property and honest industry, it is then to consist largely of working men. It is he who conceives of property as private, tangible and useful, of industry as productive and tangible. This is not to idealize; it is to confirm a statement that Mr. Kirk makes but which most neo-conservatives do not believe—that the work of conservatism cannot be accomplished by any particular class.

Lastly, just what does Mr. Kirk want to conserve? "Free enterprise" and "economic stability;" but these are virtually contradictory terms: the first is devoid of strict meaning in view of the work of Berle and Means and the continued task of the anti-trust division of the Justice Department, the second is uncharacteristic of the "volitional economy," another desideratum of Mr. Kirk. Unfortunately, stability is the result of planning.

But Mr. Kirk's sights are higher. We must conserve "variety, tradition and veneration." Variety of what? We have the *Nation* and Mr. Kirk. Tradition? What tradition? There are many traditional American ends: idea of Progress, of the promise of the Future, of the affection for Change, all are among them; but that is liberalism and bankrupt. Veneration of what? Of materialism, of security? These have been and are American ends, not sole ends, but ends. These ends moved our forebears and move us.

The neo-conservative seems to have only one major function—that of nostalgic criticism. He fails to remember that much of the antecedent legislation of the "collectivism" Mr. Kirk sees all around us today was the work of what he would and must classify as "conservatives." Unfortunately, in a world of flux, one must regulate to conserve.

But Burke and nostalgia are no help today. As a matter of fact, nothing is any help until we know what is wrong, or indeed if there be anything wrong at all. Until Mr. Kirk and his brave band indicate an awareness of the reality of our present economic society, and more, an appreciation of the American past that De Tocqueville can give, I, for one, will view the neo-conservatives not as Cassandras, but as Miniver Cheevys.

HUGH H. MERCER.

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# Marxism's Changing Face

WILL HERBERG

COMMUNISM, in Arthur Koestler's judgment, is "the gravest challenge mankind has yet encountered." It is certainly a total challenge, for it confronts us inexorably on every level, military and political, economic, cultural, and religious. The gravity of the challenge, if nothing else, makes Marxism—which, though by no means identical with Communism, is certainly integral to its political system and social philosophy—a matter of profound concern to us at this moment of history.

Studies of Marxism, of varying pretensions and varying worth, have multiplied in recent years. Albert G. Meyer's essay on the subject [*Marxism: The Unity of Theory and Practice,* Harvard, $3.50] is, however, no mere routine exposition of the theories, fallacies, and consequences of Marxism. It is rather an attempt to present what the author himself calls a "*Gestalt* view," a view that results from a serious effort to interpret Marxist conceptions in "modern and accepted terms," to search out the "ideas and images" represented by these conceptions, to explain the "connections and coherences that have not been made explicit by Marx and his followers themselves," and to bring to the surface "unexpressed attitudes, preconceptions, and traditions, psychological and ideological, that underlie the entire thought structure." Though avowedly written for the "general reader," the work makes few concessions to popularization; in vocabulary and presentation, it strikes one as a curious combination of social science monograph and the kind of book a former Marxist might write in retrospective criticism of his Marxism. It is by no means an ineffective combination.

It is characteristic of Mr. Meyer's purpose and frame of reference that he approaches his scrutiny of Marxism not by way of twentieth century Bolshevism, but from the standpoint of nineteenth century Marxism itself. This approach has many advantages. For one thing, it permits the author to put Lenin's Marxism in its proper place in the overall Marxist picture, instead of giving the impression, as do so many recent writers, that Leninism is simply Marxism in its most developed form. For another, it enables him to show that the disintegration of the Marxist synthesis set in not with the first world war, or the Russian Revolution, or the triumph of Stalinism, but with the backwash of the great political disturbances of 1848, within a few years of the publication of *The Communist Manifesto.* At first, this shift of focus strikes the reader accustomed to Soviet-centered discussions of Marxism as something strange, but Mr. Meyer sustains his thesis and proves its value for a historical understanding of Marxist doctrine.

IT is Mr. Meyer's fundamental contention that Marxism emerged as a grandiose attempt to synthesize three disparate elements: some "very real scientific aspirations," the "political and moral attitude of radicalism," and "a faith which is essentially metaphysical, an unshakable belief in progress." To Marx, these were not three different areas of belief or concern; to him, "radicalism, optimism, and social science" constituted an organic whole. "Social science"—Marx's "materialist dialectics"—defined and validated the radical politico-moral attitude of intransigent criticism of bourgeois society, while it also provided the invincible certainty that the historical process itself was generating the forces that would soon bring to fulfillment the immanent ideals and values implied in the radical attitude.

Indeed, Marx conceived of the consciousness of these ideals and values as itself a "reflection" of the maturing historical process and as evidence of its approaching culmination. The proletariat he saw as the "people of History," *in* bourgeois society, but not *of* it, whose self-emancipation would bring to an end the "dark" period of human history characterized by the division of labor, exploitation, and class antagonism, and would restore mankind to the original freedom, equality, and uncoerced harmony of "primitive communism," though of course on a much higher level of culture and technology. In Marx's vision, there was thus a genuine *unity of theory and practice:* revolutionary practice was validated by revolutionary theory, which was itself both a reflection of, and an instrument in, revolutionary practice. The two constituted a seamless whole.

This unity of theory and practice, in which the three elements of Marxism were held together, emerged in Marx's thinking in the context of the revolutionary situation preceding the 1848 outbreaks on the Con-

Mr. Herberg, author of *Judaism and Modern Man,* writes frequently on political and social questions for this and other magazines.



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tinent of Europe, and depended for its power and plausibility upon that revolutionary situation. When the 1848 revolution proved abortive, and a period of reaction and capitalist advance set in, the unity collapsed and its various elements came into conflict with each other. "Social science" no longer had the same unequivocally radical implications; nor was the proletariat so obviously the fulfiller of the immanent logic of historical progress. Disintegration overtook the Marxist synthesis. Every question became problematic, every answer irreducibly ambiguous.

Neither Marx, nor Engels, nor any of their earlier followers, could permit themselves to recognize what was happening; they continued to talk in terms of the seamless unity of theory and practice, but Mr. Meyer is able to document the fact of disintegration from their own writings of the time. He also shows that the original unity tended to regain its power and plausibility every time the situation seemed to approach a revolutionary crisis, only to break up again when the revolutionary wave receded. This unity, Mr. Meyer makes clear, was never logical in the sense that Marx's "social science" could actually be taken to entail his radical values or prove the necessity of the "inevitable" fulfilment of the historical process; such derivation of politico-moral values and patterns of progress from "social science," Mr. Meyer insists, is quite impossible. The Marxian conviction of the unity of theory and practice was rather sociological and psychological, and so naturally reflected the changing historical situation.

From this point of view, Mr. Meyer sketches the post-1848 history of the Marxist movement, stressing particularly the breakup of the movement into right-wing "revisionism" and the "orthodox" center in the period of capitalist prosperity from 1890 to 1910, and the emergence of a new radical challenge (Rosa Luxemburg) with the radicalization of the situation after the 1905 revolution in Russia. He interprets Leninist Marxism as an attempt to reestablish the revolutionary unity of theory and practice not in terms of proletarian revolution in the advanced countries of the "West," but in terms of "anti-imperialist" revolution in the backward and colonial regions of the "East"; and he shows how such an attempt requires a "ruthless and exploitative social system" in order to make possible the necessary industrialization. To such a system, he says, "the Soviet world has added total control, total ruthlessness, and an entire Orwellian world of thought control and terror." Why this should have happened he does not indicate, nor is it entirely clear whether he believes that a Marxist revolution in the West would have led to the same or similar consequences. Here the discussion ends in an unasked and unanswered question.


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MR. Meyer's analysis proceeds almost entirely on the sociological level, and he tends to reinterpret all Marxist ideas in sociological ("modern and accepted") terms. His few ventures into philosophy do not reveal him at his best, and he seems intent on playing down Marxism as a total *Weltanschauung*. He himself, however, suggests more than once that in the end Marxism is a kind of religion, a "doctrine of salvation and damnation," which "endeavors to satisfy all the religious urges in men." But these remarks remain merely scattered suggestions.

Mr. Meyer fails to see what has become increasingly evident in recent years, that however fruitful sociological categories may be in the understanding of Marxism, they are not enough. For in the last analysis, in its theoretical structure as well as in its social passion, Marxism is not to be understood if it is not seen as a secularized version—and therefore, of course, a *perversion*—of Jewish-Christian redemptive history.

Socialism, Dostoevsky emphasized long ago in *The Brothers Karamazov,* is "not merely the labor question;" it is "before all things, the atheistic question, the question of the form taken by atheism today, the question of the Tower of Babel built without God, not to mount to heaven from earth, but to set up heaven upon earth." If this was true of the pre-Marxist socialism of which Dostoevsky spoke, it is all the more true of Marxism. It is this "atheistic eschatology" that is at the heart of Marxism, and it is this "atheistic eschatology" that has turned Marxism, for all the undeniable brilliance of its insights, into a demonic force of destruction. "The baneful consequence of its projected millennium," Reinhold Niebuhr has pointed out in a critique of Marxism, "is ironically the worst hell of tyranny which men have ever invented."

The unity of theory and practice, of fact and value, of thought and action, is indeed a grand vision, but it is not within the reach of secular philosophy, since it is a reality of the transcendental, not the historical order. If Mr. Meyer had been more aware of the transcendent dimension of human existence, he might perhaps have found in Niebuhr or Maritain or Buber some suggestion of how to deal with the perplexing problem of relating "impossible" moral ideals to social reality. It is this problem with which the disintegration of Marxism confronts us; Mr. Meyer raises the question in a brief concluding chapter, but seems rather at a loss as to what to make of it. In his own way, he thus proves, here as elsewhere in this book, that sociological analysis has its limits, for beyond a certain point it begins to ask questions it is no longer capable of answering.

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# The Allurement of Contemporary Irish Fiction

THE RED PETTICOAT AND OTHER STORIES. By Bryan MacMahon. Dutton. $3.

By VIVIAN MERCIER

I THINK we shall have to recognize the existence of the "Irish-short-story" as a separate art form. Suppose an Iowa writer were to begin a story this way:

> In Iowa, all you need to make a story is two men with completed characters—say, a parish priest and his sexton. There at once you have conflict. When, as a foil for the sexton, you throw in a mature tinker girl, wild and lissom, love interest is added to conflict. And when, finally, you supply a snow-white cat, a cornfield, and a shrewish woman who asks three questions, the parts if properly put together should at least provide a moderate tale.

Suppose he then were to send it to a New York agent. The cynical agent would read the first paragraph, scribble in the margin, and send the typescript right back to Iowa. Squinting hard, the dejected Iowan would finally decipher some such words as these: "Let's not get *too* darn cute, huh?"

But suppose "Ireland" is substituted for "Iowa" in this opening paragraph and the author's name is something unimpeachably Celtic like Sean O'Shaughraun or Bryan MacMahon. What does the agent do then? He rolls on his back and puts his paws in the air, waiting to be tickled. And so do the hard-boiled magazine editors. And so do the publishers' readers. And so do the brutal reviewers. And the great American public begs for more. Or so it seems.

Actually, this particular story, "The Cat and the Cornfield," in spite of the tinker girl and the inevitably omniscient parish priest, is among the better ones in Bryan MacMahon's second collection. Nor can the editors of *The Sign,* in which it first appeared, be described as hard-boiled. But where did the *Kenyon Review* people put their New Criticism while they read and

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accepted the schoolgirl pretentiousness of "Wedding Eve?"

Admittedly, a good short story is a damnably tricky thing to write; it falls somewhere between an anecdote and a lyric poem. Like an anecdote, it must tell a story; like a lyric poem, it must present an image or a symbol that stirs echoes in the reader's mind long after he has put down the book. If a short story remains *merely* an anecdote, the reader is left saying, "So what?"; on the other hand, if it becomes too lyrical, the reader asks, "Why didn't he make a poem of it?"

At least one story in *The Red Petticoat* fulfills my exacting conditions: a slender thing, with a beginning and an end but no middle, entitled "The Sound of the Bell." Why should the picture of a priest sitting in a chair on a distant hillside and listening among a circle of his parishioners for the sound of his new church bell—to see if it carries that far, as the parishioners claim it does not—why should so simple a picture linger in the memory for years? I don't know; you don't know; the editors of *Mademoiselle* don't know either, but they were shrewd enough to print the story back in 1949. I must have read it in an Irish magazine about then, too, and the unanswered question has teased me ever since.

Undoubtedly it is an advantage for a short-story writer to live in a culture where the famous "oral tradition" survives, however feebly, as it does in the Irish countryside. Our American masters of the short story depend on an oral tradition too, of course, though of a different kind. Where would Faulkner be without the oral tradition of Mississippi courthouses, for instance? Or where, in his less ambitious field, would Damon Runyon have been without the oral tradition of Lindy's?

Which brings me to the thought that Bryan MacMahon of Listowel, County Kerry, may be appreciated along Broadway just because he combines an unfamiliar lingo with a familiar narrative tradition. You can bet that not many people read MacMahon in his home town of Listowel. I know whom they do read and quote—or did read very recently—in countless small Irish towns like Listowel. Damon Runyon! Perhaps in another few years they'll be reading Faulkner—if the Censorship Board lets them.

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# Neutralism

THE NEW MEN. By C. P. Snow. Scribner. $3.50.

By GEOFFREY ASHE

MR. C. P. Snow, accurately described on the dust-cover as "novelist, scientist, civil servant, teacher, and critic," offers as his eighth book a novel in which nearly all the characters are either scientists or civil servants. To point out further that it attempts a criticism of the atomic age, and shows touches of the didactic, would be to labor unduly its correspondence to the author's career. His competence is plain without forays into biography.

The narrator is Lewis Eliot, a Cambridge don. Joining the British bureaucracy during the second world war, he finds himself embroiled in an atomic-energy project on which his younger brother is working. Conflicts between the brothers, administrative disputes over the project, and the moral crisis precipitated by the American A-bomb, constitute the story. A score or so of physicists, wives, and Whitehall hierarchs drift in and out expressing opinions. After the spy uproar of 1946, the younger brother tries to advance himself by an ingeniously staged exposure of a Communist agent. However, when the prize job is offered him, he declines it at the last moment and goes back to research at a university. Conscience has re-asserted itself and Lewis feels better.

While a trifle tame, *The New Men* holds the attention quite strongly enough to be read at a sitting. To Americans, however, Mr. Snow's presentation of the central issue may prove bewildering. The actual dropping of the bomb inspires the characters with nothing but horror, and the author tells their


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story in such a way that if he had allowed even one of them to speak in defense, the speech would have sounded out of key. It is not that the military issues are dodged; it is simply that everybody asks the question which Norman Thomas asked—Why drop the thing on a city first, and without warning?

After a flutter of stifled protest, of resignations not handed in, of letters not sent to the papers, the scientists come to terms with the problem as best they can. Here Mr. Snow is at his most interesting—just how interesting, perhaps he has hardly realized himself. He allows his scientists two alternatives—to revert to pure science, or to aid the atomic-energy program in the vague hope of maintaining their country as a power capable of opposing more dangerous powers. No one urges the need for a political stand, even in the broadest sense. The men who do carry on are explicitly not trying to strengthen the American bloc against the Russian or vice versa. They are not even trying, as ordinary patriots, to bolster British influence for its own sake. Rather they are forlornly pursuing the vision of a "third force" as if *thirdness* were an end in itself.

The novel as a whole necessarily leaves an impression of helplessness. Every big event happens offstage, usually across the Atlantic and usually amid cries of alarm. From a dramatic point of view the fact is regrettable. And if one trusted Mr. Snow's picture of moral repugnance and half-articulate neutralism, not merely as existing but as normal, it would be difficult to regard British science as a resource to be counted on in any hypothetical war.

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# Catholic Freedom

CATHOLICS IN CONTROVERSY. By James O'Neill. McMullen. $3.

By THOMAS E. KENNELLY

THIS book is a personal statement by the author of *Catholicism and American Freedom* about the position and activities of American Catholics engaged in controversy today. Mr. O'Neill wishes to accomplish three things. Primarily the book is an appeal to the Catholic laity to answer charges brought against them in their capacity as citizens; secondly it is a demonstration of how to refute charges made by hostile critics; and finally it is an argument defending a particular way of interpreting the First and Fourteenth Amendments.

Mr. O'Neill applies his thesis to the controversies surrounding the Supreme Court decisions on the McCollum case ("released-time" program of religious education in the public schools), and "The Miracle" decision (prior censorship of motion pictures). These cases provoked controversy throughout the nation and some strong language from critics who implied that Catholics are anti-democratic. Mr. O'Neill meets the arguments of a selected group of these critics on the issues of church-state relations and censorship. He denies that there is such a thing as a "Catholic posi-


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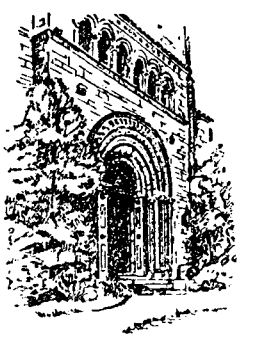

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tion" on these matters and says that there is only an "American" position shared by Catholics and non-Catholics alike.

If there is any assertion in this book that is not controversial it is surely Mr. O'Neill's statement that there is no such thing as "the Catholic position" on most of the political, economic, or international question facing the American people. But for some reason Mr. O'Neill ignores evidence which fully demonstrates the truth of his statement. Catholic opinion, for example, in the famous "Miracle" controversy was not quite so unanimous as Mr. O'Neill's book would lead one to believe.

Moreover, I feel that some Catholics will not agree with Mr. O'Neill's doctrinaire approach to constitutional questions, nor will everyone appreciate his method of refuting hostile critics. Indeed, in the latter case he violates several of his own canons of good argument. I refer particularly to his handling of Dr. Leo Pfeffer, whose refutation is accomplished in part by quoting a series of phrases out of context, by ambiguous language with reference to the "accepted" meaning of the First Amendment, and by failing to answer Dr. Pfeffer's exact position.

But a more serious flaw undermining Mr. O'Neill's position lies in his insistence that there is only one proper method for interpreting the constitution which, with reference to the "establishment" clause, he defines as the "American theory." There is nothing wrong with preferring one method of interpretation over another. But to find an expert on constitutional law clothing his preferences under the guise of the "American theory" and referring to an opposing idea as "the modern substitute" is certainly an example of begging the question.

Mr. O'Neill should know that there is no absolute yardstick for decision making. Judges are men as well as lawyers. They can and do "make" bad law, e.g., the McCollum decision. In this respect Walton Hamilton's caution might be worth remembering: "The law itself is but an aspect of the world that lies within the jurist's head; the judicial process but the biting edge of a way of mind which stands but a little exposed."

**REVIEWERS**

**Vivian Mercier, a member of the faculty at the City College of New York, is the co-editor of *1,000 Years of Irish Prose and Poetry*.**

**Geoffrey Ashe writes on literary and political questions for journals in both England and America.**

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